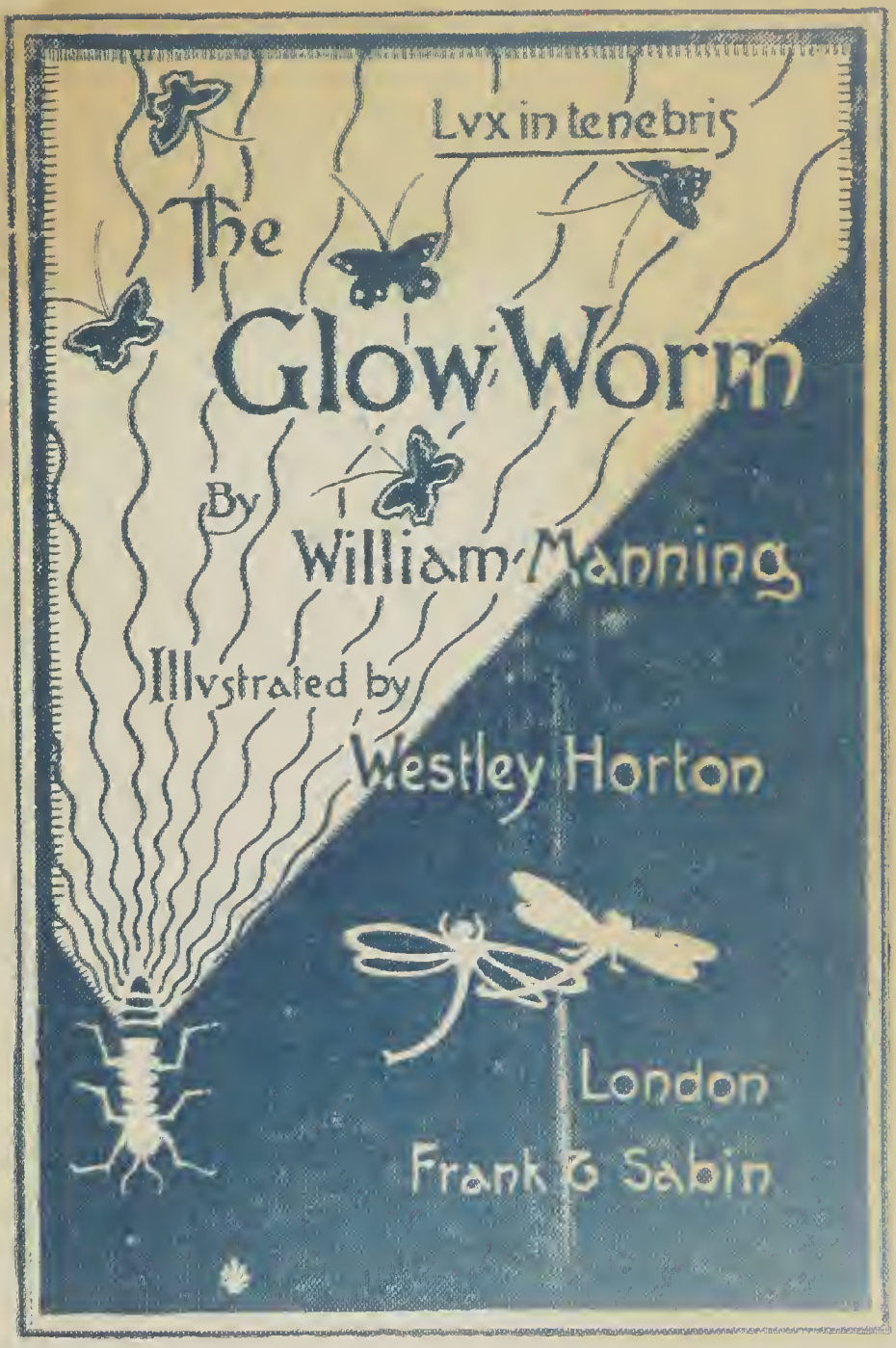
Lvx in tenebris
The
Glow Worm
By
William Manning
Illvstrated by
Westley Horton
London
Frank C Sabin

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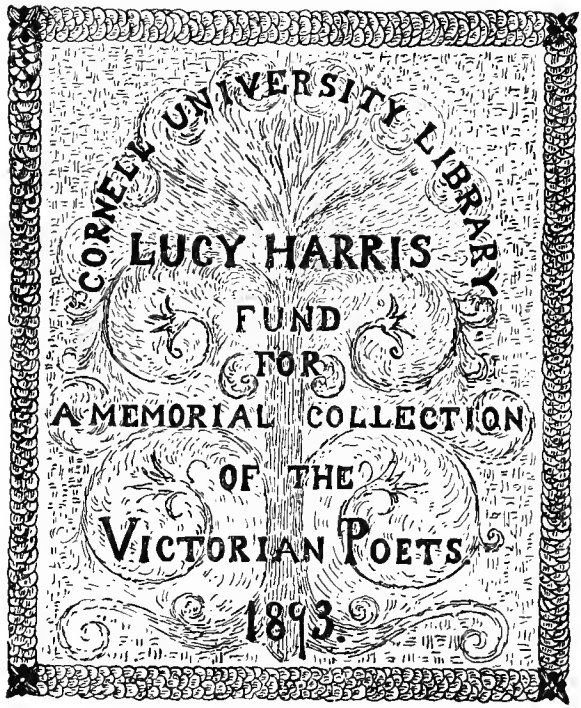

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# THE GLOW-WORM.

# THE GLOW-WORM

BY WILLIAM MANNING
ILLUSTRATED BY WESTLEY HORTON THE COVER DESIGNED BY CHARLES HOLME

LONDON: FRANK T. SABIN
118, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.
MDCCCXCVI

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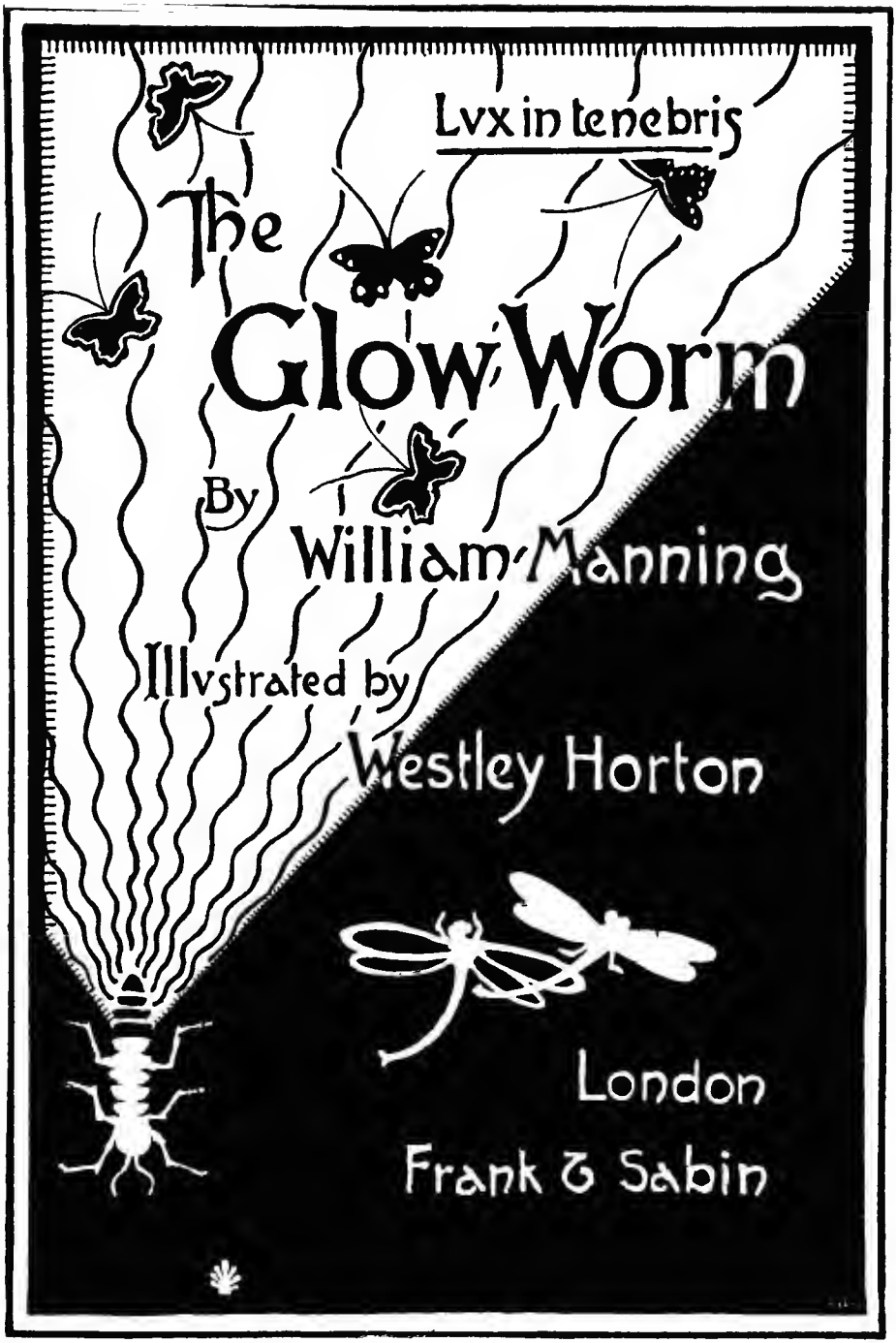
Lvx in tenebris
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Frank & Sabin

DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND
CHARLES HOLME PILGRIM TO
THE SETTE OF ODD VOLUMES

W. M.

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.


Cover (designed by Charles Holme).

I. "O, lovely, little, low-born Star!"

II. The Fairy Brood.

III. Oberon and Jove.

IV. The Dew-drop.

V. The Frog.

VI. The Ladybird.

VII. The Adder.

VIII. The Grasshopper.

IX. The Toadstool and Mushroom.

X. The Moth and the Gnat.

XI. The Lark.

XII. The Nightingales.

XIII. The Owls.

XIV. The Hedgehog and Robin.

XV. The Rat.

XVI. The Snail.

XVII. The Daddy-Longlegs and the Weasel.

XVIII. The Lizard and the Newt.

XIX. The Ant.

XX. Extinguished!

XXI. The Fairy Lighthouse.

# THE GLOW-WORM.

O LOVELY, little, low-born Star,
How much I marvel what you are!
So tell me why, O tiny mite,
You thus display your little light?
Does Queen Titania bid you shine,
While all her fairy brood combine
To sport around your lustrous spark—
The one bright spot where all is dark?

DOES Oberon sweet kisses throw
When Puck your candle sets aglow?
Or does the lightning hurled by Jove
Ignite the fuel in your stove?
Does crystal bead of sparkling dew
Its magic mirror owe to you?—
Fit looking-glass for Sprites and Elves
To see their graces for themselves!

OR do you raise your mystic lamp
To cheer the croaking midnight tramp,
Thus hoisting high your tiny ray
To show the languid Toad his way?
Perchance, indeed, the wooing Frog
May see by you which way to jog.
And e'en the Blindworm by your light
May learn to pitch his fork aright.

THE Earwig with the Centipede
May seek you in their hour of need;
Forlorn and weary, footsore, lame,
May hail with joy your welcome flame;
The Ladybird who stays out late,
In fruitless search for faithless mate,
Need strike no match to spy her gate.

WHILE on his tortuous way he wends,
The Adder adds you to his friends;
For safely then the gliding Snake
Avoids the bramble and the brake.
If after dark he feels afraid,
The Grasshopper without your aid
Could never see to nimbly leap
O'er babbling brook and stony steep.

YOUR guiding rays so softly shed
Light the gay Woolly-bear to bed,
And, pointing out the treacherous thorn,
Save his fur coat from getting torn.
While Beetles, who their needles thread,
And Spiders, when their nets they spread,
Will make both stitch and web secure
Illumined by your torchlight pure.

THE Toadstool rank and Mushroom sweet,
Could never jump—O wondrous feat!—
Above the Earth in one brief night,
Without the magic of your light.
Your genial warmth would never singe
The Death's-head Moth's funereal fringe,
Nor scorch the Gnat's prismatic wing
When brewing venom for his sting.

ERE dawn awakes, the warbling Lark
Lights his first pipe from off your spark,
And, shooting upwards to the skies,
Trills you his carol as he flies!
Still soaring nearer to the sun,
He sings your virtues one by one,
Nor loses in his loftiest flight,
His early love for lowliest light.

BUT when the drowsy dusk prevails,
The sweet melodious Nightingales
Unite in chorus through the glade
And offer you their serenade,
As sympathetic Bluebells ring
When elfin throats your vespers sing.

THE splendours of your Milky Way
Turn murky night to dazzling day,
And while the Caterpillars sup,
You light the Deadly Nightshade up,
When Imps and Goblins disappear
Beneath your glittering chandelier.
Then ferns unfurl their latest fronds,
And buds, impatient, burst their bonds.

THEN mosses cling, and ivies creep,
And tearful willows cease to weep.
Then Buttercups, and Daisies, too,
Open their lids to peep at you,
And wonder if your arts avail
To tint the cheek of Primrose pale,
Or bleach the Lily of the vale!

THE tipsy Bee in vain may strive
Without your aid to find his hive.
In velvet robe the glossy Mole
Takes jauntily his evening stroll.
The Bat the bounding Cricket plays,
And scores the better for your blaze.
While Owls, bereft of Luna's gleams,
Delight to revel in your beams.
The vagrant Hedgehog vainly begs
Your help to poach the Robin's eggs.

THE cut-throat Rat will quickly stay
His hot pursuit of timid prey,
And down the muddy bank will dash
Affrighted by your bull's-eye flash,
And startled by the night-bird's screech,
Will dive to join the thirsty Leech.

THE lowly Snail may sometimes get
Sweet comfort from your brilliant jet,
And keeping that within his view
May steer his course to pastures new.
No wonder that your radiant glare
Makes Daddy-Longlegs stop and stare!
No wonder that the Weasel stays
So wide awake beneath your rays!

THE Lizard and the waddling Newt,
May profit by your beacon mute;
Unharmed the travelled Ant returns
The while your midnight taper burns;
And ere your glowing beams expire
He warms himself before your fire,
And tells such tales that make the Slug
His shining shoulders shrewdly shrug!

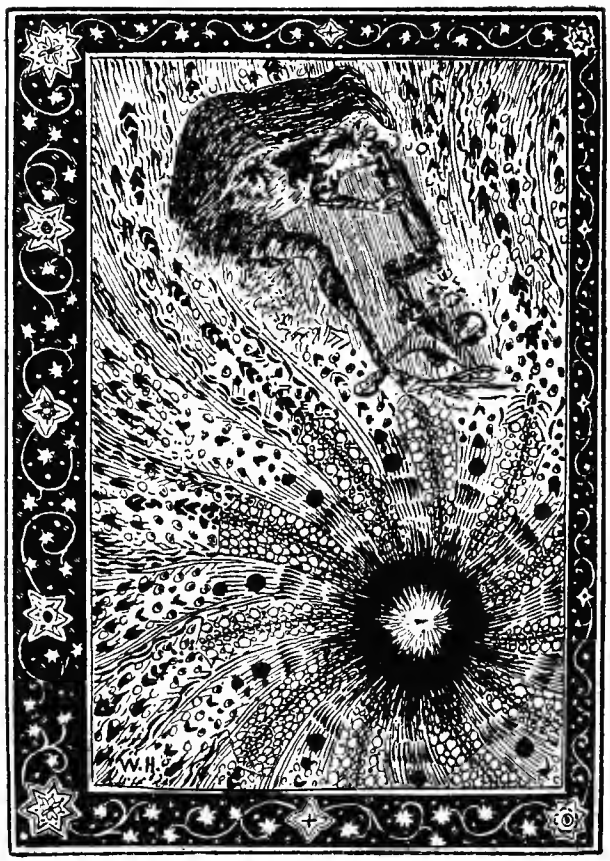
THESE thoughts, dear Worm, I give to you;
Forgive them if they prove untrue,
For those there are who still assert
That you are but an Insect Flirt,
And only trim your lamp to shine,
When luring lovers to your shrine.
Alas! that errant knight should stray,
And find—too late—your tempting ray
Extinguished by the light of day!

So, lovely, little, low-born Star,
I still must marvel what you are.
Down here upon this Earth so low,
Long let your lustrous lantern glow;
For Insect Worlds when you are gone
Lose Sun and Moon and Stars in one.
Bright mimic of those orbs above
Your Fairy Lighthouse still I'll love!

# THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

## I.

O lovely, little, low-born Star,
How much I marvel what you are !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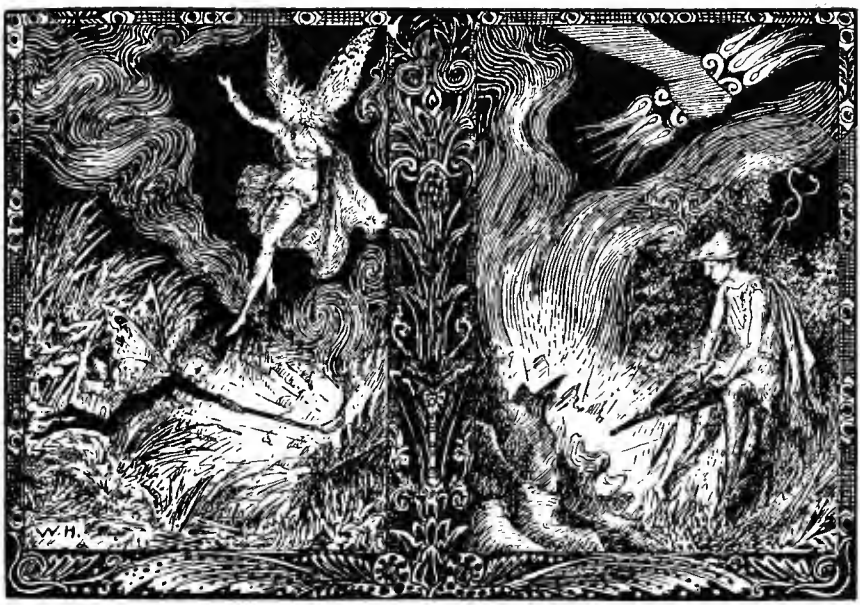
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In fruitless search for faithless mate,
Need strike no match to spy her gate.

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The Adder adds you to his friends;
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Avoids the bramble and the brake.

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If after dark he feels afraid,
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O'er babbling brook and stony steep.

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W.H.

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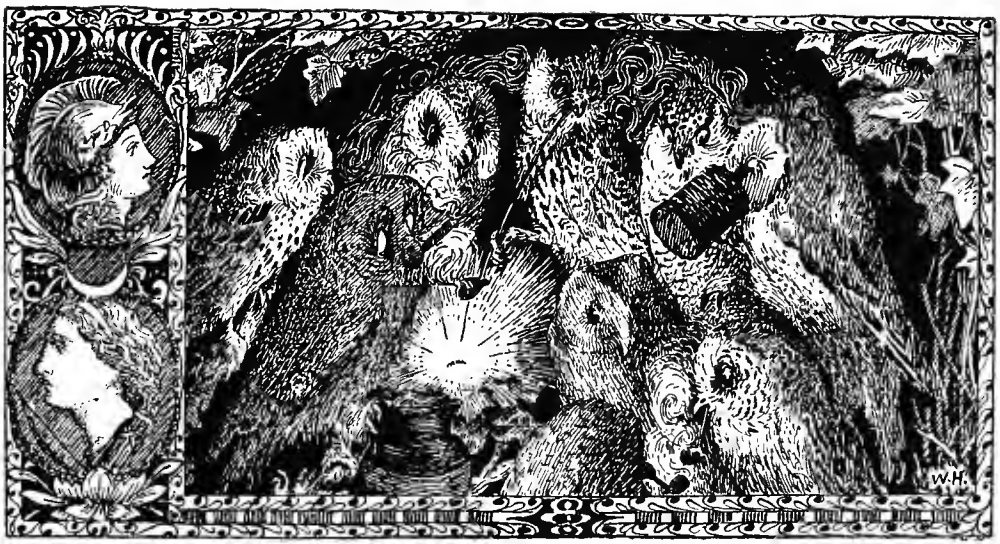
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Will dive to join the thirsty Leech.

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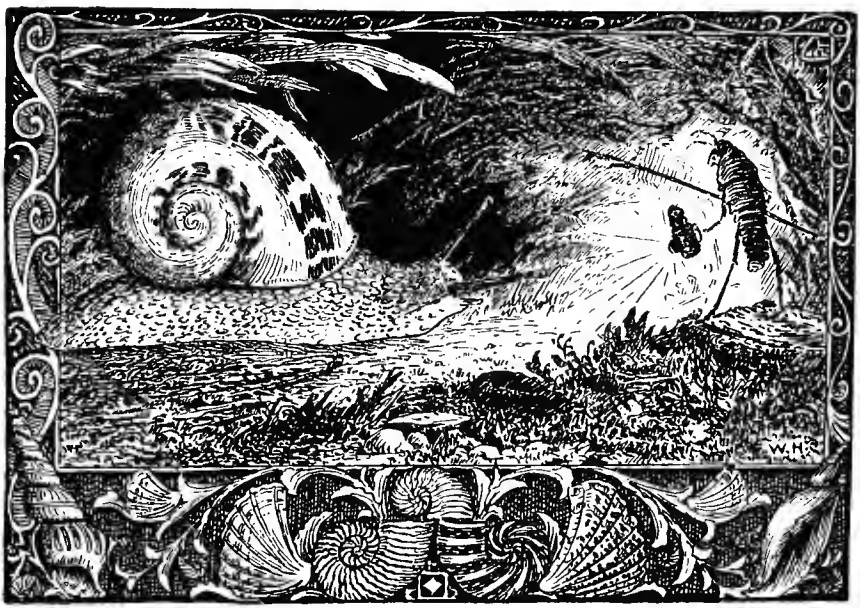

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No wonder that your radiant glare
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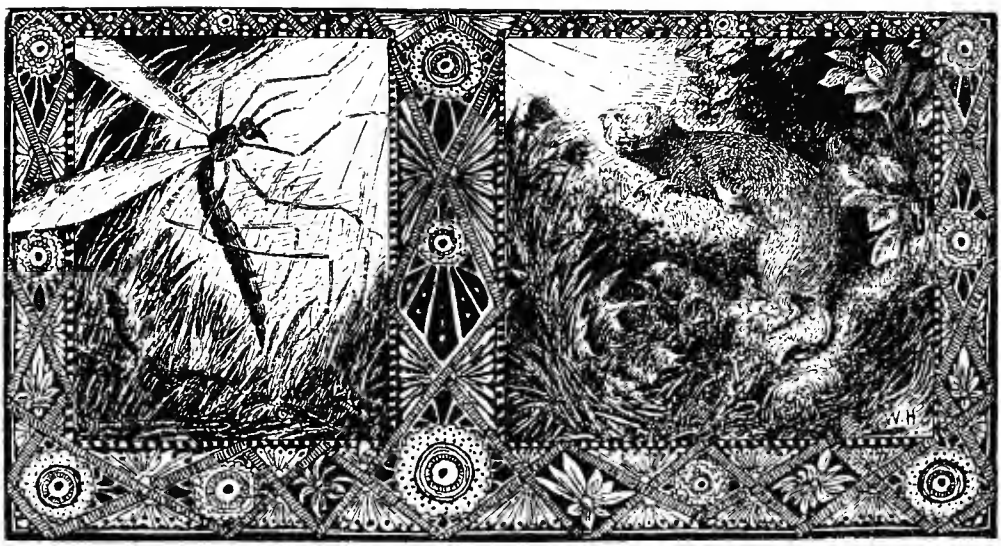

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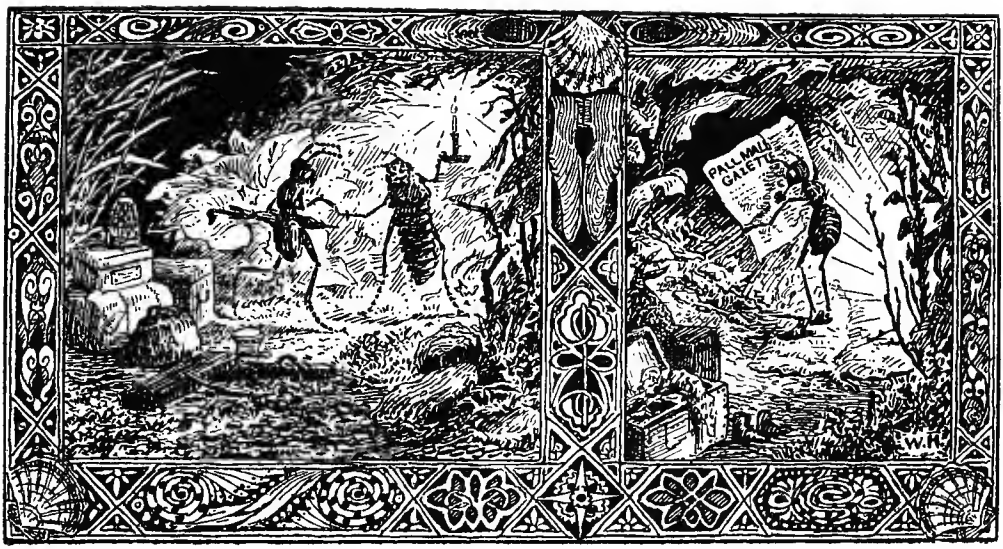
PALL MALL
GAZETTE
W.H.

## XX.

Extinguished by the light of day!

XXI.

Bright mimic of those orbs above,
Your fairy Lighthouse still I'll love!

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